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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt; being a short Account of the Principal Objects worthy of Notice in the Valley of the Nile, &c. &c., with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians and the Productions of the Country. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 595. London, 1835. Murray.

THE masses of information supplied by this volume must render it a standard work wherever an interest is felt in ancient history or modern improvement. The time and talent devoted by Mr. Wilkinson to the investigation of this subject, the patient and solid judgment which he exercises upon its difficulties, and the singular modesty with which he balances conflicting data where he might, without vanity, have dictated as an oracle, all tend to increase the importance of his book and recommend it to the attention of the antiquary, the scholar, and the traveller. With such claims to the public approbation, it needs neither introduction nor comment from us; and we shall simply bring it under general notice as the best mode of doing our duty.

Agriculture laid the foundation of the early advance of Egypt in civilisation, and made the people one of the first of the world to be considered great and prosperous. The Assyrian empire, their pristine contemporary, speedily fell a prey to luxury and effeminacy; while the Phenicians and Tyre could only, with propriety, be deemed a maritime wonder, such as Venice was in later ages. But Babylon rose and Egypt declined; and then the hardy and temperate sons of Persia proved too strong for the already weakened indwellers on the cultivated banks of the Nile. Again, however, Egypt lifted her head, and it was reserved for the Arab finally to extinguish her independence. The present day re-opens the prospect; but its view is altogether beside the purpose of our task.

The topography of Thebes is distinctly elucidated by our author, and the glories of its hero, Remeses II., whom he thinks to be Sesostris, still form the theme of those splendid and extraordinary monuments with which these pages bring us acquainted.

"The title of Miamun (he says, speaking of this monarch), attached to the name of Remeses II., was probably corrupted by the Romans into Memnon, and became the origin of the word Memnonium or Memnonia, since we find it again applied to the buildings at Abydos, which were finished by the same monarch. Strabo, who says that if Ismandes is the same as Memnon, these monuments at Thebes will have the same title of Memnonian as those at Abydos, appears to have had in view the palace-temple of Remeses Miamun; and it was not till after Strabo's time that the name of Memnon was applied to the vocal statue on the plain. In short, I feel persuaded, 1st, that the word Miamun led them to imagine him the Memnon mentioned by Homer, and thence to apply the word

Memnonian to the buildings erected by Remeses II.; 2dly, that later visitors to Thebes, struck with the miraculous powers of the vocal statue, transferred the name of the only monarch with whom they supposed themselves acquainted to the object they admired; and, 3dly, that they ascribed to Memnon the tomb of Remeses V. in like manner from his having the title of Amunmai or Miamun."

Appropos:—

"From this building" (the tomb of Osymandias) "was taken the head that has been erroneously called of Memnon, and which is now in the British Museum. It is, like the colossus before mentioned, of Remeses the Great, who founded the building."

It is remarked that no camels appear on any of the Egyptian remains, though now so abounding and so essential to the country. We believe that only one drove of swine have been found depicted, though so much of the domestic lives of this ancient date has been preserved. We read, for instance, as ascertained from paintings:—

"Their wine-press was of two kinds: in one, consisting of a large trough, the grapes were pressed by the feet; the other was a machine composed of levers, twisting and compressing a sack which contained the fruit; the juice, in both, discharging itself into a capacious vase beneath. The wine was preserved in *amphorae*, ranged along the walls in cellars, as at Pompeii and in ancient Greek houses; and, from the presence of a resinous sediment at the bottom of their broken fragments, now found at Thebes, we may conclude that the Egyptian wine partook of the flavour common to that of the Greek islands. Wine was universally used by the rich throughout Upper and Lower Egypt; and beer, as we learn from Herodotus, was also made (probably for the consumption of the common people) in those parts where the land, suited to the culture of corn, could not be spared for extensive plantations of the vine. For since the historian states that in the corn country 'they have no vines, and drink beer' instead of wine, while the sculptures prove them to have been grown throughout Egypt, and neither Diodorus nor Strabo seem to confine the use of beer to any particular part of Egypt, we are forced, in order to reconcile these authorities, to admit that, though wine was universally used by the rich, the poorer classes were obliged, in the corn country, to be contented with the more

ordinary drink the produce of their fields afforded them. 'Nor was the beverage,' says Diodorus, 'which they prepared from barley much inferior, in point of flavour, to the juice of the grape;' and a grateful acidity was imparted to it by the lupin and Assyrian root."

Again, with regard to their entertainments: "At all their entertainments music and the dance were indispensable, and sometimes buffoons were hired to add to the festivity of the party, and to divert them with drollery and gesticulation. The grantees were either borne in a palanquin, or drove up in their chariot, drawn as usual by two horses, preceded by running footmen, and followed by others, who carried a stool to enable them to alight, an inkstand, and whatever they might want, either on the road, or while at the house of their friend. On entering the festive chamber, a servant took their sandals, which he held on his arm, while others brought water, and anointed the guests, in token of welcome. The men were seated on low stools or chairs, apart from the women, who were attended by female slaves or servants; and after the ceremony of anointing, a lotus-blossom (and frequently a necklace of the same) was presented to each of them; and they were sometimes crowned with a chaplet of flowers. The triclinium was unknown; and the enervating custom of reclining on *divans* was not introduced among this people. Their furniture rather resembled that of our European drawing-room; and stools, chairs, fauteuils, ottomans, and simple couches (the three last precisely similar to many that we now use), were the only seats met with in the mansions of the most opulent of the Egyptians. Wine and other refreshments were then brought; and they indulged so freely in the former, that the ladies now and then gave those proofs of its potent effects which they could no longer conceal. In the mean time, dinner was prepared, and joints of beef, geese, fish, and game, with a profusion of vegetables and fruit, were laid, at mid-day, upon several small tables; two or more of the guests being seated at each. Knives and forks were of course unknown, and the mode of carving and eating with the fingers was similar to that adopted at present in Egypt and throughout the East; water or wine being

¹ "The seeds of this plant had been introduced from Assyria into Egypt, where it was cultivated for this purpose. Columella, lib. x. v. 113. He also speaks of Pelusiac beer, or *zythus*."

² "Washing the feet and anointing the head was the custom of the East. Conf. St. Luke, vi. 46. But I have not yet met with the former represented in the sculptures."

³ "Many of the chairs shut up like our camp-stools; and they sometimes sat on a low square seat, neatly painted, which was laid upon the ground. It appears to have been of wood; and perhaps folded in the centre when removed."

⁴ "They probably intended by this that 'man required a moist rather than a dry aliment.' Diod. i. 43."

⁵ "The skill of their cabinet-makers is particularly remarkable; and, besides the display of elegant taste, they were not ignorant of veneering, or of the mode of staining wood to resemble that of a rare and valuable kind."

⁶ "It shews a great want of gallantry on the part of the Egyptians, thus to direct their talent for caricature against the fair sex."

⁷ "Genesis, xlii. 16. But with a foreigner they would not eat; this was an 'abomination,' v. 32."

⁸ "Except in China. The ancient Greeks also ate in

¹ "Homer mentions this custom in the *Odyssey*, lib. li. v. 340:—

ἐν δὲ πύθῳ οὐνοῖο παλαίου πρὸς ποταμῷ

ἔστησαν

ἔκλινον ποτὶ τοῦτον ἀνέροτις."

² "The process is represented in the tombs throughout the country, from the pyramids to the extremity of Upper Egypt. Anthylla and Marceus were also famed for their wines, which, from finding (besides that of the upper country) the 'wine of the North' among offerings at Thebes, appear to have been exported to the Thebaid. Wine was also made of other fruits. Plin. lib. xiv. c. 16. He praises the Schemytic wine, lib. xiv. c. 7."

³ "Herod. ii. 77; and Strabo, lib. xvii., who also calls it *Zythos*. Vide also Diod. i. 34."

brought in earthen *bardaks*, or in gold, silver, or porcelain cups. For though Herodotus affirms that these last were all of brass, the authority of the Scriptures and the Theban sculptures prove that the higher orders had them of porcelain and of precious metals.¹ They sometimes amused themselves within doors with a game similar to chess, or rather draughts;² and the tedium of their leisure hours was often dispelled by the wit of a buffoon,³ or the company of the dwarfs and deformed persons,⁴ who constituted part of their suite. Bull-fights were among the sports of the lower orders; but it does not appear that they either had the barbarity to bait them with dogs, or the imbecility to aspire to a vain display of courage, in matching themselves in single combat against wild beasts.⁵ But the peasants did not fail to pursue the hyena,⁶ as often as it was in their power; and it was either caught by a trap or chased with the bow. They also amused themselves with several games still well known to European children; among which may be noticed the ball, odd and even, *mora*,⁷ and feats of agility and strength.⁸

Another state of society is thus unfolded:—“The Egyptians had a peculiar respect for old age, in which they were rivalled only by the Spartans and the Israelites; and their mode of salutation, says Herodotus, was not by words, but by a low bow, the hands being brought downwards to the knee. But this depended, of course, on the person saluted; and besides genuflection and kissing the hand, it was a common practice to prostrate themselves to the ground before their monarchs and persons of rank. The distinction, indeed, of castes and classes was arbitrarily maintained; and the constant recourse to corporal punishment proves the great power which was given to a master over the domestics of his household. Nor was the lash inflicted from the mere impulse of momentary anger; the offender was sentenced to a stated number of stripes, according to the offence he had committed, and was forcibly thrown upon the ground, and held while the punishment was inflicted. Men, boys, and women, were all subject to the stick; and for more serious offences, imprisonment and deprivation of food, even for three days, were adjudged to the culprit. Diodorus relates a singular custom regarding theft. They who followed this occupation gave in their names to the chief of the robbers, and into his hands they were required to deposit the objects they stole. The plaintiff therefore repaired to his house and stated the things he had lost, with

this manner, and the pieces of bread-crumbs (*ασπυγδαλας*) on which they wiped their fingers after eating, were given to the dogs that they admitted into the room.”

¹ “Joseph had one of silver. Gen. xlv. 2. Gold, silver, and porcelain vases are represented in the tombs of Thebes. I doubt a Greek being admitted into very good society in Egypt. Glass was also used by them, as well for cups, as beads and other ornamental objects, and for the imitation of precious stones.”

² “I have found this in sculptures of the time of Osirtesen I. Remeses III. and Psammetich II.”

³ “Still common in the East, as once in the West.”

⁴ “Beni Hasan grottoes. V. c. vi.”

⁵ “The feats of the Pyrrhi are well known. Snake-play and conjurers existed at an early epoch among the Egyptians. They are not less common here at the present day.”

⁶ “This animal is equally destructive to the flocks and some beasts of burden; and hunger prompts it even to live on the standing corn and down, of which it frequently destroys a great quantity. But the ass is its favourite meal. It is not gregarious. The female often chooses the corn-fields to conceal her litter.”

⁷ “A common Italian game. Any number of fingers are held out simultaneously by the two players, and one guesses the sum of both.”

⁸ “As raising each other from the ground, leap-frog, throwing up three balls in various ways, mounted on the back of one who had failed in catching them, &c.”

the time and day when they were stolen, and having paid a quarter of their value, recovered all the property that belonged to him. Adulterers of money, forgers of seals, scribes who kept false accounts, defrauded the public, or introduced another man's signature; and those who made use of unjust weights or measures, were condemned to lose both hands; and the traitor who held communication with an enemy was punished by the excision of his tongue. Their treatment of women, in private life, was evidently very superior to that at present adopted in the East; but their laws concerning them rather call to mind the customs of barbarous countries than the institutions of a wise legislature. Though allowed to marry more than one wife, it does not appear that they indulged very frequently in this privilege; but the priests were obliged by law to be contented with a single consort; for which restriction, the kings were amply compensated by the number of the other members of the *harém*.”

With this quotation we must pause till our next No., when we hope to conclude our very brief account of a work which could hardly be reviewed at too great a length.

A Tour on the Prairies. By the Author of the “Sketch Book.” 12mo. pp. 335. London, 1835. Murray.

To no one in this country can a volume from the pen of Washington Irving come attended with so many pleasant recollections as to us; for we look back through the vista of some few years, now, to the pleasure we received from his earliest work, and to the gratifications which have arisen from our being the foremost on this side of the Atlantic to hold out a cordial welcome to the nameless and unknown American author. It is one of the green spots of the *Literary Gazette* which we love to dwell upon; and as the fame of Irving grew, more than fulfilling all our prognostics, we felt as if we had more than a common interest in the success we had been the first to predict. Nor were the personal feelings and intercourse which sprang from this source less grateful to the mind; and, while we took a friend's share in hailing every new proof of talent, we also rejoiced in the cultivation of that tone, applicable both in production and criticism, which it is so desirable to cherish between the two countries with one language.

With regard to the present work, it is exactly what was to be expected from the writer—lively, graphic, and interesting; so graphic, indeed, that while we skim its pages, we seem never to have read any description of the Prairies before. Of the plan of the whole, Mr. Irving tells us—

“It is the intention of the author to give the accumulated contents of his portfolio, as well as the casual lucubrations of his brain, in occasional numbers, published as circumstances may permit. He has been much importuned to write an account of a tour which he made to the Far West, and various publications on the subject have been announced as forthcoming from his pen, when, in truth, he had not as yet put pen to paper. To meet, in some degree, the expectations thus excited, he now furnishes a portion of that tour, comprising a visit to the Buffalo Prairies. It is a simple statement of facts, pretending to no high wrought effect. Should it give satisfaction, however, he may be tempted to give further sketches of American scenes in some future numbers.”

Mr. I., during a month, accompanied a strong party, headed by a commissioner charged with settling the condition of the Indian borders, whose component parts will appear on our extracts, and thus prepares us with a general view of their scene of action:—

“In the often-vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited

country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man nor the wigwag of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Thither repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware, and other tribes that have linked themselves with civilisation, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomades of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debatable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes. None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and ‘braves’ repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampments, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that graze the prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, retreat rapidly from the dangerous neighbourhood. These expeditions partake always of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, of offensive and defensive, and are bound to practise incessant vigilance. Should they in their excursions meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, or near the traces of a hunting-camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing.”

The attendant of the particular set with whom our author messed is an amusingly sketched character, and we copy him out:—

“Having made this mention of my comrades, I must not pass over unnoticed a personage of inferior rank, but of all-pervading and all-prevalent importance; the squire, the groom, the cook, the tent-man; in a word, the factotum, and, I may add, the universal meddler and marplot, of our party. This was a little, swarthy, meagre, wiry, French creole, named Antoine, but familiarly dubbed Tonish: a kind of Gil Blas of the frontier, who had passed a scrambling life, sometimes among white men, sometimes among Indians; sometimes in the employ of traders, missionaries, and Indian agents; sometimes mingling with the Osage hunters. We picked him up at St. Louis, near which he has a small farm, an Indian wife, and a brood of half-blood children. According to his own account, however, he had a wife in every tribe: in fact, if all that this little vagabond said of himself were to be believed, he was without morals, without caste, without creed, without country, and even without language, for he spoke a Babylonish jargon of mingled French, English, and Osage. He was, withal, a notorious braggart, and a liar of the first water. It was amusing to hear him vapour and gasconade about his terrible exploits and hair-breadth escapes in war and hunting. In the midst of his volubility, he was prone to be seized by a spasmodic gasping,

as if the springs of his jaws were suddenly unbinged; but I am apt to think it was caused by some falsehood that stuck in his throat, for I generally remarked that, immediately afterwards, there bolted forth a lie of the first magnitude."

Groups are touched off with equal fidelity and spirit: *ex. gr.*

"The little hamlet of the agency was in a complete bustle; the blacksmith's shed, in particular, was a scene of preparation. A strapping negro was shoeing a horse; two half-breeds were fabricating iron spoons in which to melt lead for bullets. An old trapper, in leathern hunting-frock and mocassins, had placed his rifle against a work-bench, while he superintended the operation, and gossiped about his hunting exploits; several large dogs were lounging in and out of the shop or sleeping in the sunshine, while a little cur, with head cocked on one side, and one ear erect, was watching, with that curiosity common to little dogs, the progress of shoeing the horse, as if studying the art, or waiting for his turn to be shod."

Landseer would make a capital picture of these materials: let us recommend them to him. But, perhaps, the curiosity of the English reader will be more alive to the Indian portraiture, and we accordingly select some of the traits so admirably pencilled by our tourist:

"Near by these was a group of Osages; stately fellows; stern and simple in garb and aspect. They wore no ornaments, and their dress consisted merely of blankets, leathern leggings, and mocassins. Their heads were bare, their hair was cropped close, except a bristling ridge on the top, like the crest of a helmet, with a long scalp-lock hanging behind. They had fine Roman countenances, and broad deep chests; and, as they generally wore their blankets wrapped round their loins, so as to leave the bust and arms bare, they looked like so many noble bronze figures. The Osages are the finest-looking Indians I have seen in the West. They have not yielded sufficiently, as yet, to the influence of civilisation, to lay by their simple Indian garb, or to lose the habits of the hunter and the warrior, and their poverty prevents their indulging in much luxury of apparel. In contrast to these was a gaily dressed party of Creeks. There is something, at the first glance, quite oriental in the appearance of this tribe. They dress in calico hunting-shirts of various brilliant colours, decorated with bright fringes, and belted with broad girdles embroidered with beads; they have leggings of dressed deerskins, or of green or scarlet cloth, with embroidered knee-bands and tassels. Their mocassins are fancifully wrought and ornamented, and they wear gaudy handkerchiefs tastefully bound round their heads."

"Hoping to reach the encampment of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on dark and overcast, with flying clouds, and much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber-looking groups that were cooking, eating, and drinking around them. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched every thing that was going on round them in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them

food, and what they most relished, coffee; for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for this beverage which pervades the West. When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves side by side before the fire, and began a low nasal chant, drumming with their hands upon their breasts, by way of accompaniment. Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating, not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection, *hah!* uttered almost like a hiccup. This chant, we were told by our interpreter, Beatte, related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all they knew of our plans. In one part they spoke of the young count, whose animated character and eagerness for Indian enterprise had struck their fancy; and they indulged in some waggery about him and the young Indian beauties, that produced great merriment among our half-breeds. This mode of improvising is common throughout the savage tribes; and, in this way, with a few simple inflections of the voice, they chant all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humour and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone than is generally imagined. In fact, the Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented — taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites, with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with a profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when any thing particular strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth."

"The conversation, this evening, among the old huntsmen, turned upon the Delaware tribe, one of whose encampments we had passed in the course of the day; and anecdotes were given of their prowess in war and dexterity in hunting. They used to be deadly foes of the Osages, who stood in great awe of their desperate valour, though they were apt to attribute it to a whimsical cause. 'Look at old Delawares,' would they say, 'they got short leg — no can run — must stand and fight a great heap.' In fact, the Delawares are rather short-legged, while the Osages are remarkable for length of limb. The expeditions of the Delawares, whether of war or hunting, are wide and fearless. A small band of them will penetrate far into these dangerous and hostile wilds, and will push their encampments even to the Rocky Mountains. This daring temper may be, in some measure, encouraged by one of the superstitions of their creed. They believe that a guardian spirit, in the form of a great eagle, watches over them, hovering in the sky far out of sight. Sometimes, when well pleased with them, he wheels down into the lower regions, and may be seen circling with wide-spread wings against the white

clouds. At such times the seasons are propitious; the corn grows finely, and they have great success in hunting. Sometimes, however, he is angry; and then he vents his rage in the thunder, which is his voice, and the lightning which is the flashing of his eye, and strikes dead the object of his displeasure. The Delawares make sacrifices to this spirit, who occasionally lets drop a feather from his wing, in token of satisfaction. These feathers render the wearer invisible and invulnerable. Indeed, the Indians generally consider the feathers of the eagle possessed of occult and sovereign virtues. At one time a party of Delawares, in the course of a bold incursion into the Pawnee hunting grounds, were surrounded on one of the great plains, and nearly destroyed. The remnant took refuge on the summit of one of those isolated and conical hills that rise almost like artificial mounds from the midst of the prairies. Here the chief warrior, driven almost to despair, sacrificed his horse to the tutelary spirit. Suddenly an enormous eagle, rushing down from the sky, bore off the victim in his talons, and mounting into the air, dropped a quill feather from his wing. The chief caught it up with joy, bound it to his forehead, and, leading his followers down the hill, cut his way through the enemy with great slaughter, and without any one of his party receiving a wound."

Another Indian legend may follow here: — "A thunder-storm on a prairie, as upon the ocean, derives grandeur and sublimity from the wild and boundless waste over which it rages and bellows. It is not surprising that these awful phenomena of nature should be objects of superstitious reverence to the poor savages, and that they should consider the thunder the angry voice of the Great Spirit. As our half-breeds sat gossiping round the fire, I drew from them some of the notions entertained on the subject by their Indian friends. The latter declare that extinguished thunderbolts are sometimes picked up by hunters on the prairies, who use them for the heads of arrows and lances; and that any warrior thus armed is invincible. Should a thunder-storm occur, however, during battle, he is liable to be carried away by the thunder and never heard of more. A warrior of the Konza tribe, hunting on a prairie, was overtaken by a storm, and struck down senseless by the thunder. On recovering, he beheld the thunderbolt lying on the ground, and a horse standing beside it. Snatching up the bolt, he sprang upon the horse, but found, too late, that he had bestrode the lightning. In an instant he was whisked away over prairies, and forests, and streams, and deserts, until he was flung senseless at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, from whence, on recovering, it took him several months to return to his own people. This story reminded me of an Indian tradition, related by a traveller, of the fate of a warrior, who saw the thunder lying upon the ground, with a beautifully wrought mocassin on each side of it. Thinking he had found a prize, he put on the mocassins, but they bore him away to the land of spirits, from whence he never returned. These are simple and artless tales; but they had a wild and romantic interest heard from the lips of half-savage narrators, round a hunter's fire in a stormy night, with a forest on one side and a howling waste on the other; and where, peradventure, savage foes might be lurking in the outer darkness."

Having given so much to extracts touching the travellers, the people, and the country, we shall conclude with the vivid description of a bee-hunt; an affair quite peculiar to these parts,

"The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee-hive with the farm-house and the flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of men; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilisation, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the west pretend to give the very year when the honey bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets; and nothing I am told can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness. At present, the honey bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, 'a land flowing with milk and honey;' for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee. We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall lank fellow, in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half-a-dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian. After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground. Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance to be out of the way of the falling of the tree, and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this

most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchants in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain: at length down came the tree, with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a whip of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge: they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream-tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerily as so many wreckers on an Indianman that has been driven on shore,—plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his breeches-pocket, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt. It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived, from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down, in clusters, on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the 'melancholy Jacques' might have moralised by the hour. We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. 'It will be all cleared off by varmint,' said one of the rangers. 'What varmint?' asked I. 'Oh, bears, and skunks, and racoons, and 'possums. The bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all.'

We should be ashamed to copy more from

this charming volume; for not being bee-hunters, we are inclined to leave lots of its honey for readers to extract for their own enjoyment; and in doing so, we beg to be understood as instituting no comparison between that respectable class and the "varmint" mentioned in the text. Indeed they may haul out sweets from every chapter of the book; to which we can promise universal popularity. The excitement of the early scenes is so stirring that one absolutely wants to start up, and off for the Prairies of the Far West, crossing the Arkansas in a buffalo skin, hunting the elk and wild-horse, and freshening the soul in all the wild transports of untrammelled nature. Even privations must have added to the glorious treat; to which the nearest resemblance we can have in our own little island, is a month in the Scottish Highlands, with the red-deer and roe to pursue. Towards the end, to be sure, the winter approaches, the spirits flag, the novelty ceases, the scene becomes duller, and it is only occasionally that the chase of a wild-horse animates the homeward-bound expedition. How like human life! The offset how joyous, how buoyant, how full of novelty and hope, and inspiring vicissitude. What are labours, and fatigues, and partial disappointments in its course? The morning sun rises upon the severest, and again the word is "forward!" the past all forgotten, and the future all bright. Not so towards the close. Jaded with travel, the heart sinks from the encounter of other toils, and trials, and perils. Something may cross our path to revive for a moment the memory and the excitement of former times; but, alas! where is the hope of the morrow after the rest that shall suffice us? It is gone with our youth, with our first burst into the wide prairie of existence, and we have only now to contemplate in sadness the concluding passage of the eventful history.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters, by W. Hayley, Esq., now first completed by the introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M. Rector of Burton, &c. Vol. I. 13mo. pp. 340. London, 1835. Saunders and Otley.

WE perceive from advertisements in the newspapers and elsewhere, that there is a grand affray about the republication of Cowper, with a fitting accompaniment for the era of monthly volumes. Southey, it seems, had announced it, or been engaged as biographer and editor by those who did; but in the meantime, while he is mending his pen, out comes the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, with such peculiar advantages as almost to annihilate the hopes of any successor. For, however admirably the life of the poet may be dressed up by one or other, it is from his own correspondence alone that we can look for any new interest worthy of our consideration. And it seems that Mr. Grimshawe is in possession of this attractive adjunct; which even in this (the first) volume before us is so full of grace and beauty, as to force us to think (which we confess we did not *a priori*) that another edition of Cowper is likely to be widely popular.

With regard to the Editor's alterations of the text of Hayley, for the sake of demonstrating that Cowper was not mad *through religion*, we shall say nothing; because we not only detect all writings twisted to a particular purpose, as invariably disguising and perverting truth, but we differ entirely from fanatics on the point that religious insanity could in the slightest degree impugn religion. If they deem it

absolutely necessary to prove that religion never produced any bad consequences, we shall agree with them—when they shew that the air we breathe, the light we enjoy, the sleep that refreshes, the food that nourishes us; never hurt in hurricane, in dazzling, in disturbance, or in excess. But it is an uncalled-for argument, where well-meaning defeats its own end and injures its own cause: let us leave it for the few examples of the private correspondence now for the first time published, and quite worthy of Cowper's highest repute as an epistolary and elegant writer.

"*Olney, Nov. 1776.*—Having suffered so much by nervous fevers myself, I know how to congratulate Ashley upon his recovery. Other distempers only batter the walls; but *they* creep silently into the citadel and put the garrison to the sword."

Two years later, having read the Abbé Raynal, he says,

"I admire him as a philosopher, as a writer, as a man of extraordinary intelligence, and no less extraordinary abilities to digest it. He is a true patriot. But then the world is his country. The frauds and tricks of the cabinet and the counter seem to be equally objects of his aversion. And, if he had not found that religion too had undergone a mixture of artifice, in its turn, perhaps he would have been a Christian."

A letter soon after tells a whimsical anecdote.

"I remember (the last thing I mean to remember upon this occasion) that Sam Cox, the counsel, walking by the sea-side, as if absorbed in deep contemplation, was questioned about what he was musing on. He replied, 'I was wondering that such an almost infinite and unwieldy element should produce a *sprat*.'"

But paragraphs must not content even this hasty notice: we give a letter "To Mrs. Newton."

"*Olney, March 4, 1780.*"

"Dear Madam,—To communicate surprise is almost, perhaps quite, as agreeable as to receive it. This is my present motive for writing to you rather than to Mr. Newton. He would be pleased at hearing from me, but he would not be surprised at it; you see, therefore, I am selfish upon the present occasion, and principally consult my own gratification. Indeed, if I consulted yours, I should be silent, for I have no such budget as the minister's, furnished and stuffed with ways and means for every emergency, and shall find it difficult, perhaps, to raise supplies even for a short epistle. You have observed in common conversation, that the man who coughs the oftenest (I mean if he has not a cold) does it because he has nothing to say. Even so it is in letter-writing: a long preface, such as mine, is an ugly symptom, and always forebodes great sterility in the following pages. The vicarage-house became a melancholy object as soon as Mr. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy; now it is actually occupied by another family: even I cannot look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden this evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, That used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber-door sounds just as it used to do; and when Mr. P. goes up-stairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot could hardly, perhaps, be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again.

These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me upon the occasion;

If I were in a condition to leave Olney too, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business with the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and theirs would be shocking to me. Such are my thoughts about the matter. Others are more deeply affected, and by more weighty considerations, having been many years the objects of a ministry which they had reason to account themselves happy in the possession of."

We were concerned at your account of Robert, and have little doubt but he will shuffle himself out of his place. Where he will find another is a question not to be resolved by those who recommended him to this. I wrote him a long letter a day or two after the receipt of yours, but I am afraid it was only clapping a blister upon the crown of a wig-block."

The following to the same is a characteristic specimen of the writer:—

"*Olney, June 2, 1780.*"

"Dear Madam,—When I write to Mr. Newton, he answers me by letter; when I write to you, you answer me in fish. I return you many thanks for the mackerel and lobster. They assured me, in terms as intelligible as pen and ink could have spoken, that you still remember Orchard-side; and, though they never spoke in their lives, and it was still less to be expected from them that they should speak being dead, they gave us an assurance of your affection that corresponds exactly with that which Mr. Newton expresses towards us in all his letters. For my own part, I never in my life began a letter more at a venture than the present. It is possible that I may finish it, but perhaps more than probable that I shall not. I have had several indifferent nights, and the wind is easterly: two circumstances so unfavourable to me in all my occupations, but especially that of writing, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could even bring myself to attempt it. You have never yet, perhaps, been made acquainted with the unfortunate Tom F.'s misadventure. He and his wife, returning from Hanslope fair, were coming down Weston-lane—to wit, themselves, their horse, and their great wooden panniers—at ten o'clock at night. The horse, having a lively imagination and very weak nerves, fancied he either saw or heard something, but has never been able to say what. A sudden fright will impart activity and a momentary vigour even to lameness itself. Accordingly he started, and sprang from the middle of the road to the side of it with such surprising alacrity, that he dismounted the gingerbread-baker and his gingerbread wife in a moment. Not contented with this effort, nor thinking himself yet out of danger, he proceeded as fast as he could to a full gallop, rushed against the gate at the bottom of the lane, and opened it for himself, without perceiving that there was any gate there. Still he galloped, and with a velocity and momentum continually increasing till he arrived in Olney. I had been in bed about ten minutes, when I heard the most uncommon and unaccountable noise that can be imagined. It was, in fact, occasioned by the clattering of tin patty-pans and a Dutch oven against the sides of the panniers. Much gingerbread was picked up in the street, and Mr. Lucy's windows were broken all to pieces. Had this been all, it would have been a comedy; but we learned the next morning that the poor woman's collar-bone was broken, and

she has hardly been able to resume her occupation since. What is added on the other side, if I could have persuaded myself to write sooner, would have reached you sooner; 'tis about ten days old."

"*The Doves.*"

"The male dove was smoking a pipe, and the female dove was sewing, while she delivered herself as above. This little circumstance may lead you perhaps to guess what pair I had in my eye. Yours, dear madam, W. C."

Our next is a personal touch of much interest.

"*Olney, July 19, 1780.*"

"*To the Rev. John Newton.*"

"My dear Friend,—Such nights as I frequently spend are but a miserable prelude to the succeeding day, and indispose me above all things to the business of writing. Yet, with a pen in my hand, if I am able to write at all, I find myself gradually relieved; and as I am glad of any employment that may serve to engage my attention, so especially I am pleased with an opportunity of conversing with you, though it be but upon paper. This occupation, above all others, assists me in that self-deception to which I am indebted for all the little comfort I enjoy; things seem to be as they were, and I almost forget that they never can be so again. We are both obliged to you for a sight of Mr. —'s letter. The friendly and obliging manner of it will much enhance the difficulty of answering it. I think I can see plainly that, though he does not hope for your applause, he would gladly escape your censure. He seems to approach you smoothly and softly, and to take you gently by the hand, as if he bespoke your lenity, and entreated you at least to spare him. You have such skill in the management of your pen that I doubt not you will be able to send him a balmy reproof, that shall give him no reason to complain of a broken head. How delusive is the wildest speculation, when pursued with eagerness, and nourished with such arguments as the perverted ingenuity of such a mind as his can easily furnish! Judgment falls asleep upon the bench, while Imagination, like a smug, pert counsellor, stands chattering at the bar, and, with a deal of fine-spun, enchanting sophistry, carries all before him. If I had strength of mind, I have not strength of body for the task which, you say, some would impose upon me. I cannot bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinners' threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture. No—I must needs refer it again to you. My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma, at some future time. I am not in a humour to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if Harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse was deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable at any rate, but more especially so if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind, long wearied with the sameness of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail."

For the present we must conclude, but these are charming bits of the generation before us.

* Vide Cowper's Poems.

Sketches of a Sea-Port Town. By H. F. Chorley. 3 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1834. Bentley. It is something in favour of any book that it is not exactly like some other book or books with which we are exceedingly well acquainted; and this much we can say for Mr. Chorley's *Sketches of a Sea-Port Town*; though, in fact, they might almost as well have been called any thing else, but for the necessity of individualising an author or a publication. Good name in man or woman may be very desirable, but good name in book is essential. Then "Sketches" is modest, and "Sea-port" stirring; and so "Sketches of a Sea-Port" is not so much amiss, especially if we consider what effect it may have upon the Press Gang.

Mr. Chorley is, however, known to the public in his own name as one of those who take a graceful and active part in the literature of the day, so as not to allow the metropolis to monopolise it. Conjointly with friends of similar tastes and talents, he has raised the standard of the *Belles Lettres* in Liverpool; and we have often had the gratification of noticing with praise that which we, in our pride of place, London, have to denigrate their Provincial efforts. Of the present single-handed attempt we can also speak favourably, though it does not reach the high elevation at which this class of writing has arrived in Master, and, we may add, in Miss and Mistress hands. The tales are in general truth-like; albeit some of them incline to the superstitious supernatural, and one or two are sufficiently romantic to have little alliance with the outlines of even wonderful adventures in real life. Of this kind the "Merchant by Chance" is not only the longest but the best. A devil-man, Colonel Levison, is what never existed, "monstrum horrendum, nulla virtute redemptum;" and of course he makes a confounded deal of mystery and mischief. "Parson Clare," again, is a fiend of another character; but we can suppose him to be one of those perversions of humanity which one meets with in this strange world of ours, and not much, if at all, exaggerated; for, as we have often remarked (not originally, we beg to say, but following ancient philosophers whose doctrine in this respect has been neatly turned by a neat French author), the imagination never invented things so extraordinary as life has in reality produced. Why, Ireland gives you more horrid tragedies *extempore* in a month than all that the genius of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus ever contrived to excite the admiration and sympathies of the Greek people. For single and striking murders will match a year's doings of any county of that beautifully agitated isle, against all the romances that ever were written, no matter how many banditti, pirates, brigands, and remorseless villains they contained. Then, for intrigues and seductions, *et hoc genus omne*, would any body think of comparing the fanciful ideas of the most prolific writers, from Eloise to Lady Morgan inclusive, with one season of the united national theatres of Doory Lane and Common Garden? The notion is preposterous. But this is away from Mr. Chorley, though it appears from his second volume that he is suspected of liberalism, or rather of being more inclined to think this world was not made for ascetics and sour despisers of the profuse kindness of nature than is altogether proper for serious people—probably for the Society of Friends, to which, we believe, he belongs. We are sorry for him if he is not convinced that true piety consists in sad-coloured garments, and that heaven's gate is shut against all who do not approach it in hats, bonnets, caps, and garments of a certain not

unbecoming cut, especially when accompanied by very clean and white linen. Speaking of the festivities at Liverpool at the opening of the rail-road, which he contrasts with the melancholy death of Mr. Huskisson, he says:

"Nothing could have increased the excitement of our townsfolk upon this occasion. A party of the nobility, such as had never before been collected in the neighbourhood, had arrived to share in the entertainments, and in the distance was the musical festival, for which, it was hoped, that many of these distinguished guests would remain. Scientific men had thronged from the farthest corners of the kingdom to witness the triumph of art. There was to be a ball, which only the best of the best were to be permitted to attend,—a banquet for which the four quarters of the globe were to contribute their luxuries; and one like myself, not cynic enough to resist being swept along with the tide of popular feeling, who enjoys a crowd and a spectacle with almost childish glee, and who is accused of attaching an undue importance to the amusements of this life, may be pardoned for thinking of so great and new a pleasure an unreasonable number of days before it arrived."

We now, however, leave personals and take leave to quote a specimen of Mr. Chorley's general remarks on the state of society in a seaport town—Liverpool for instance.

"To say, that in a place singularly destitute of nobility, its inhabitants have themselves substituted an aristocracy of wealth in place of one of family, is, perhaps, some little beyond the precise truth; and yet, it comes nearer to the truth than any other form of words which could be used. There is as much subdivision into sets and sects, as much exclusiveness, with all its train of bad consequences, as in the wider and nobler circles of the metropolis—and over all, and through all, a mercantile spirit at work, which is singularly unfavourable to the development of mind. There is, indeed, scarcely any inducement for a man to exact and improve the powers with which he has been gifted, if, valuing every thing by the standard of pounds, shillings, and pence, he feels that his standing is secure, that he may talk wisdom or folly, as he will, and still be looked up to in society, as a person of consequence and authority;—nay, that he is in most circles more popular as he is, than he would be were he to bear the character of a hard reader, or a deep thinker. The withering influence of fashion, has also its share in depreciating the standard of intelligence. Our circles are not wide enough to allow of individuals setting up as characters; in which case alone does she tolerate any originality of thought, word, or deed—she therefore imposes upon her subjects an uniformity of conduct and manner; trammelling them as effectually within her artificial ordinances, as the conjuror, when he confines the chicken within his magic circle of chalk. But, it seems to me, that we are fallen on particularly cheerless times, as respects ease or enjoyment in general society. As far as concerns the men, the age of dandyism has, thank Heaven! passed over: the delicate youths who put their hair in *papillotes*, and ironed their cravats upon their necks, are now striving in the mart of business, for their rising families, or shivering over their cheerless bachelor hearths, remembering days and glories gone by, when it was at once their occupation and their pleasure to rival the caprices of fair ones as fantastic and *maniéré* as themselves. But though the present race of men may be less fanciful than the last,—poor society is no gainer

by their increase of manliness. If they are less sedulous attenders of balls than their predecessors, they are more constant at dinner parties; and at these they love to herd together, to talk the strong talk of emptiness—of their dogs, and horses, and amours,—and to settle the great questions of the day, over which statesmen are racking their brains, and for the right understanding whereof, philosophers are patiently drawing their conclusions from the experience of the past, in a few stout words, against which there is to be no appeal. As to pursuit of any kind, beyond the above mentioned amusements, it is almost utterly unknown among them, and even should any one be followed in secret, it is not to be alluded to in conversation, if its follower would keep clear of the artillery of idle tongues, ever ready to satirise what their owners do not comprehend. On the other hand, the present system of female training, has its share in making society a burden, instead of an excitement and an exercise to those who understand something better than rapid talk about the nothings of the day, or the more racy amusement of quizzing your *vis-à-vis* in a quadrille. While fashion attacks any tendency to blisum with her most blighting ridicule, and inculcates a cold *posé* demeanour, under which every natural impulse and feeling is to be impenetrably concealed; education has parcelled out the time of her victim, and carried her at set hours from French to history, from history to music, from music to metaphysics, and so on, without ever stopping to study the natural biases and talents born with her. What a marvellous discrepancy is there between these two codes! Routine (for it is dishonouring education to allow her counterfeit to assume her name) ordains that the young lady of the nineteenth century, shall know every thing; fashion values her in proportion as she talks as if she knew nothing—routine crams her with book-learning—fashion teaches her to sneer at clever people; and thus, between the two, the natural buoyancy of girlhood, which never stayed to consider whether the laugh was a tone too loud, or the step a thought too quick, or the talk a shade too confidential, is as completely crushed as if it had never existed; and there seems now no longer any intermediate step between the child on her way to school, and the well-tutored, well-dressed woman, armed at all points for society, and equally proof against enjoyments and annoyances. Grammarians tell you to prove a rule by its exceptions, and it would be as ridiculous as false to say that we have not many who stand out, in bright relief, from amidst this general barrenness. But sectarian differences of religion and politics keep these much asunder; and the powers, which they might individually employ for the edification of general society, are sadly cramped by the suspicious dislike wherewith the world of common-place people regard them: a world unjust as it is vain, and, at any time, more ready to overlook moral defect than to forgive mental superiority. Thus it is, that unless a man wishes to expose himself to the sneer of the million, he must as sternly confine every symptom of enthusiasm and imagination within the silence of his own breast, as if it were a noxious influence, instead of being a link of that golden chain which connects the world below with the world above. Thus it is that the teachers of our children, those to whose authority and discretion we intrust our most precious treasure, are so often humbled to the condition of superior menials, that the weak and ignorant

listen to the malice of antique prejudice or the folly of ridicule, and regard the artist as a hireling from whom a certain quantity of a given commodity is to be purchased, instead of as one who is honourable, from the inspiration of talent which has descended upon him, and as worthy of courtesy and consideration, as if he were the founder of a fortune, or the rectifier of a popular abuse. And what is the consequence of all this strange pride and pertinacity? The artist, heart-sore at finding that, in these enlightened days, the calling to which he belongs is considered little more respectable than that of the *jongleur* or mountebank in the old feudal times, is too often driven by his irritability into low and disgraceful courses; and if he is too high minded to become a sycophant, frets out his life in scorn of those to whose patronage he is compelled to be indebted for the means of subsistence. This is stating the case broadly, and some will say rudely; but the harm which society both commits and receives by perpetuating this narrow spirit is so great, that one cannot touch upon it with a light pen or an indifferent heart. How much beauty, how much embellishment, how much instruction is excluded by the poverty of its judgment! how much talent is destroyed in embryo, how many a gentle and earnest spirit embittered for ever by its uncharitableness! It is not to be wished that all should be men of letters, all *dilettanti*. Heaven defend us from affected enthusiasm, and the apish criticisms of the shallow! but to every class should be allowed a clear stage and a candid hearing; and all who are sincerely devoted to their several professions, be they followers of arts, sciences, or commerce, should meet on equal ground, and cease to cast in each others' teeth the terms of opprobrium bequeathed to them by the imperfect enlightenment of their ancestors."

Our author has surely forgotten the high esteem and honour in which the professors of the fine arts were held hundreds of years ago; and the time, before literature became, like every thing else in this country, a trade, when eminent scholars took the foremost rank, and were employed in the most important services of the state. The change is no doubt great; but his view of it is narrow and not philosophical.

We have been trying to detach a quotation of the narrative part of this work, but cannot do it either advantageously for ourselves or Mr. Chorley. The following episode must suffice:—

"It is many years since a gentleman happened to take up a night's lodging in a room which overlooked a churchyard, situated in the midst of a small town. Whether he was a stranger, a visitor, or a resident there, I cannot, at this moment, call to mind; nor do I mention the name of the town, for obvious reasons. The gentleman was young, strong, and by no means visionary—so that if he looked out of his window before he retired to rest at midnight, it was most probably to speculate upon the weather. Once having looked, however, he could not withdraw his gaze—his eyes were rivetted upon the church—for he perceived, to his great surprise, that a light was burning within it, casting a dull gleam from the windows which surround the altar. He watched for a few moments in silence, and it may be supposed, with as much awe as curiosity, until he was certain that there could be no deceit—for the light remained burning in the same place. He was resolved to ascertain what so singular an appearance could

mean; but he would not go alone—perhaps he durst not—perhaps he wished for the company of other witnesses besides himself. One or two neighbours were called up, and the keys of the churchyard procured, after some delay. There burned the light still; and, though their eyes were anxiously fixed upon it as the gate creaked upon its rusty hinges to admit them, it neither faded nor moved. They approached the building—the windows were so high that, to gain any view of what might be passing in the interior, it was necessary to have recourse to a ladder; this, too, after some delay, they obtained. They applied it to the large window of the chancel; and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and, with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down—the rest huddling together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other. The sight he saw was sufficient to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn to a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon; three figures were seated round it, playing at cards! They were young men of licentious habits and notorious impiety; and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes shewed that their present audacious act of sacrilege had been planned at some debauch. But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church! It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting. You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal ribaldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighbourhood were presently collected; the church door unlocked; and the gamblers interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody; and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known—or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families, the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from —, to reappear there no more!"

Edwards's Botanical Register; or, Ornamental Flower-Garden and Shrubbery: consisting of coloured Figures of Plants and Shrubs, cultivated in British Gardens; accompanied by their History, best Method of Treatment, in Cultivation, Propagation, &c. By J. Lindley, Ph. D., F.R.S., &c. &c. New Series. Vol. VII.; or Vol. XX. of the entire Work. Large 8vo. London, 1835. Ridgways.

We read this volume, and look over its engravings, with much of the same kind of enjoyment which we experience in walking about a garden adorned with lovely flowers. The sense is delightfully regaled in both instances; and if, in the descriptive and imitative production, we miss the living bloom and odours of the flowers, we are compensated by the knowledge afforded us of their history and qualities, and by admiration of the exquisite art with which

their perishing beauties are caught and perpetuated. And another gratification is yet in store for us, arising out of the novelty and rarity of the greater number of the specimens. It is true that we taste a pure pleasure in the simplest cottage domain, where our snowdrop, our primrose, our crocus, our daisy, our tulip, our violet, our lily, our sweetwilliam, our marigold, our daffodil, our wallflower, and our rose, the commonest of the denizens of these lowly abodes, greet the eye with their familiar aspects; but there is also a charm in contemplating the strange and bright companions which are brought from every quarter of the globe to associate with them. The handsome *Calochortus*, sent from California by Mr. Douglas; the splendid crimson *Portulaca*, imported by Dr. Gillies from Chili; the gay *Linaria*, selected from poetic Persia by Sir Henry Willock; the magnificent *Yucca*, from Saint Domingo; the brick-red and variegated *Asclepias*, from China; the pretty three-coloured *Gilia*, from California; the perfume-breathing *Talauma*, from Java; the remarkable *Stapelia*, from Sicily; the grateful *Syringa Josikaea*, a new species of our favourite lilac; and a number of other rich and elegant varieties, are here figured; and all that is requisite to be taught concerning their habits and cultivation is imparted, first, in the forms of science, and then in the plain language which is intelligible to every reader.

Considerable interest attaches, also, to the new plants which the skill of our florists are continually producing or perfecting at home. We already see our gardens resplendent with a multitude of blossoms with which we were altogether unacquainted only a few years ago; and every summer bids us welcome to other sweet and graceful additions. Pæonies, rhododendrons, lupins, heaths, geraniums, asters, chrysanthemums, potentillas, pyruses, dahlias, &c. &c. &c., appear in endless change and profusion; and with such a work as Mr. Lindley's to ensure their increase and permanency, we may confidently anticipate great improvements with every coming season. We should notice, too, with satisfaction, the distant labours of practical and scientific men employed in surveying the products of foreign countries, and transmitting them to the soil of their native land—there, we trust, long to flourish, like her treasures of other sorts, in countless abundance.

We have but one regret at present to express, or rather to repeat, on this subject: it is on the persevering system with which the names of individuals are bestowed upon flowers. This amiable weakness is destructive to classification, and renders botany a mass of confusion. Banksias, Blackwellias, Kennedias, Smithsias, Clarkias, Buddleas, Brownlowias, Reevesias, Vernonias, Brugmansias, Osbeckias, Batemanias, Plumerias, Cattleyas, Grobyas, Kaylockias, Kosackias, Billbergias, Benthamias, &c. &c., are most indefinite and wearisome. We may soon have as many botanical species as there are proper names; and some of them must be eminently ludicrous with their Latin terminations.

Before concluding this notice, we must offer a few words upon the shameful piracy which has been practised upon Mr. Lindley's excellent work. It is almost the literary custom of the present day for parasites to live upon the toils of the laborious and deserving. No sooner does a design succeed, and its patient authors begin to reap some reward for their talents and services, than in steps the imitator, the underseller, and, generally, the pillager and thief.

It has cost them no invention, no anxiety in devising and completing, no trouble in exploring the way, no expense in devising the means: all that they have to do is to assume a brazen face (if impudence such as theirs need any assumption), beup their own pretensions, decry the merits of their predecessors, follow in their footsteps, stealing what may be stolen, and, between effrontery and dishonesty, gulling the public as much as they can.

In November, Messrs. Ridgway, the publishers of this *Botanical Register*, obtained an injunction against Mr. Henderson, the publisher of another botanical work, for the grossest plagiarisms from the former; and upon this case, a prefix to the present volume justly observes,—

“It may not be generally known to the public, although it has long been notorious to those who are conversant with the publishing business, that there exists in this metropolis, on the part of certain writers and booksellers, a system of gross literary piracy; that no sooner does valuable original matter, which has been obtained at great expense by the fair dealer, make its appearance, than it is snatched up and republished *verbatim* by certain unprincipled persons; in particular, that there are books called cheap periodicals, which are entirely maintained by the plunder of original works of reputation; and, in short, that there are individuals who, under the name of publishing booksellers, open shops for no other purpose than that of becoming receivers of pirated goods of a particular description. If these persons committed such offences against what are termed the criminal laws of England, they would be speedily transferred to our penal settlements as felons; but as they cunningly confine their practice to acts which, whatever may be the moral delinquency of the perpetrator, the law refers to the class of civil offences, they cannot be brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, but are amenable to higher courts, and subject to pecuniary punishment only.”

But, for one who is brought to justice, fifty are never prosecuted, escape from punishment, and thrive on their depredations. An appeal to the law is so expensive and uncertain, that many put up with the loss, rather than risk the remedy. And, beyond the pale of pirates and plagiarists, there is a very numerous class who keep on the windy side of legal offence, and are, therefore, untouchable in their moral iniquity. These are the cunning imitators of others, who, like old clothesmen, brush up, dye, and alter the apparel which has performed its office, till they can sell it for new, or for as good as new. The pieces they pilfer are either so disguised, or so small, as to elude detection; and it is only when they come to be worn again (and that by parties who are capable of comparing and calculating) that they are found, indeed, to be very second-hand, naught, and rubbishy.

This trickery prevails through every department of our literature, and has done much to deteriorate and degrade it. But we believe, as we have, of late, frequently stated, that it has reached its lowest depth, without a lower still—that, so soon as the political ferment of the day shall be assuaged, it will rise again to its proper level—and that the public at large will have acquired the useful knowledge so happily expressed by a French writer, “*Il en est des sciences (et des lettres) comme des adversités, dont le propre est de rendre pires ceux qu’elles ne rendent pas meilleurs.*”

Memoirs of Mirabeau, Biographical, Literary, and Political. By Himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Child. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. E. Churton.

THE far greater part of this work being composed of extracts from family papers and correspondence (of which there are a prodigious quantity), it is not improperly described on the title-page to be by so many hands. It is a curious performance; and presents such a family group as never was seen in the world before. The taint of insanity, the wit to madness quite allied, has run through the Mirabeaus for generations; and was sublimed in the last of them whose memoirs are here preserved in as remarkable a form of biography as any with which literature is acquainted.

The work appears to be executed by Lucas Montigny, the adopted son (in 1783) of Gabriel Mirabeau, and it sets out with an account of his ancestors and relatives, including a singular history of his grandfather, John Anthony, as mad a soldier as ever distinguished himself in the field. To this succeed notices of his father and uncle; and from their letters a view is drawn of the childhood and youth of the famous revolutionist. The narrative is carried to near the close of his connexion with the devoted Madame Monnier.

The filial gratitude of the writer is employed in palliating all the errors and crimes of the father by whom he was adopted; but still it strikes us that he had a considerable resemblance to one possessed with a devil. His inexorable and cruel father always writes of him as a fiend incarnate; and though this unnatural curse is not to the full confirmed, it is, nevertheless, pretty strongly corroborated from all other quarters.

Altogether, the volumes are very piquant, and we shall hereafter select a few short paragraphs from them; reserving a more enlarged review for the appearance of the more important events which their conclusion ought to unfold.

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.; including a Journal of his Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. To which are added, *Anecdotes by Hawkins, Piozzi, Murphy, Tyers, Reynolds, Steevens, &c. and Notes by various Hands.* London, 1835. J. Murray. THE first volume of a work, than which one more desirable in English literature could hardly be devised; which proposes, within the compass of eight of the new class of small monthly volumes, to give the public a complete memoir of the great lexicographer; to set him before the public at full length, and in his habits as he lived; just as the excellent and characteristic frontispiece, from a picture belonging to Archdeacon Cambridge, sets him in view at the opening of the present edition.* As good wine needs no bush, so the bare mention of such a design is a sufficient recommendation. “The object (says the introduction) is to place before the public, in a uniform and portable form, and at a very moderate price, all the existing materials for the biography of Dr. Johnson, together with copious illustrations, critical, explanatory, and graphical.”

The volume has Boswell’s Life to the age of 44, with Mr. Croker’s admirable annotations,

* The vignette is a beautiful view of the house at Lichfield, in which Johnson was born, engraved by E. Finden, after Stanfield; and another interesting embellishment is a curious picture of Tunbridge Wells in 1748; exhibiting a number of remarkable characters promenading in that fashionable watering-place, including Lord Chatham, Speaker Onslow, Miss Chudleigh, Garrick, the Doctor and his wife, Cibber, Nash, &c. &c.

and also such other notes as are intimated in the preceding paragraph, which add much to the value and perfection of the work. Selection from these we could not make with any effect; and shall therefore stop with this announcement, and the mention of two circumstances which we have picked up in connexion with the subject. We have been told that the papers in the *Rambler* which sold best were those not written by Dr. Johnson; and elsewhere, that the origin of his hatred to excise or revenue officers, as shewn even in the Dictionary, was the prosecution and fining of his father for some breach of the law in the sale of parchment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1835; including a Compendious Peerage. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—Another of the little guides which the parliamentary changes of the day have rendered useful and necessary. The title-page states “the whole to be carefully compiled from official documents,” &c., but we are sorry to remark very serious blunders which occurred to us on trying chance references in order to ascertain its accuracy. For example, the name of Lord Mahon, member for Hertford, and an under secretary of state, is omitted in the alphabetical list of the House of Commons.

Le Bouquet Littéraire, par feu L. T. Ventouillac. Pp. 149. (London, Low; J. and W. Parker.)—A beautiful and appropriate selection from admired French authors; the legacy of an estimable man, and published, it appears, by his widow, who, in a grateful introduction to the Duchess of Sutherland, speaks warmly of her great kindness to those who have been deprived of their progenitor.

Virgil’s Bucolics, a new edition of Dr. Nuttall’s, with an *Ordo and Interlinear Translation accompanying the Text*.—Of the uses of this plan we have already given our opinion, and shall only repeat that for self-tuition it possesses several advantages.

Manuel Etymologique, &c. of the French Language, by C. J. Delille. Pp. 39. (London, Fellowes.)—A thin, but very instructive publication, in which a clear insight into many peculiarities of the language may be acquired by observing the derivation of common words and phrases from their original roots.

A Summary of the History of the Law of Usury, &c., by J. B. Kelly, of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 275. (London, Kennet).—After taking a legal review of his important subject, Mr. Kelly applies it to existing practice, and contends that money, like other commodities, should be allowed to find its own level and value. Of course, he advocates more extensive changes in the laws affecting interest on capital.

Specimen of a New Translation of the Lusiad of Camoes, by H. Christmas, Cambridge. Pp. 28. (London, Fraser).—If this Specimen be to try the pulse of the public, we would say “Proceed;” for it is closer to the Portuguese than Mickle or Milton, with which we are acquainted. An original poem by Mr. Christmas, appended to the first, is not so favourable an example of his talents.

The Mirror, Vol. XXIV. (London, Limbird.)—We have only to repeat our praise of our diligent and enterprising contemporary. This volume contains more than a usual portion of good original matter; and the selections are, as heretofore, made with judgment. The frontispiece—portrait of Allan Cunningham—does not strike us as being a good likeness of his massive, but good-humoured, well-lighted, and intelligent countenance.

Vol. XIII. of Valpy’s History of England.—This volume, we believe, brings the History by Hume and Smollett to a conclusion; so that the next will be the commencement of the new continuation by Mr. Hughes. That will, of course, offer more data for critical remark.

Sacred Classics, XIV. (London, Hatchard and Son).—Dr. Leighton’s, the Archbishop of Glasgow, Sermons and Lectures on the Creed and Lord’s Prayer, with an introductory essay by Dr. John Pye Smith, faithfully carried out this contribution to a body of sound divinity.

A Summary View and Examination of the Writings of the Prophets, by Dr. John Smith. A New Edition revised by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A. Pp. 226. (London, Leale).—One of the most estimable religious and critical works we have met with for a long period. It will amply reward the study of the clerical reader, and hardly be less acceptable to every reader of taste.

The Spirit of Holiness, by J. H. Evans. Pp. 168. (London, Griffiths.)—Four sermons in the evangelical school, and exceedingly fervent in exhortation.

Fragments from the History of John Bull. 12mo. pp. 242. (Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell).—A very clever Conservative or Tory *jeu d’esprit*, after the manner of, and not far removed from, the irony of Dean Swift, which has appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, and is now made a neat separate volume. It represents John Bull as being at Bullock Hatch, &c. with his servants and neighbours about him; and, under this humble guise, gives national events with a ludicrous turn, which may tell where grave arguments fail. At any rate, it is done with humour and talent.

Haley's English Grammar. Pp. 362. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Leeds, Spinks.)—We are glad to see this volume in a second edition; for, even without its new additions and improvements, it is a very sufficient and valuable English Grammar, not perplexed by extraneous matters, and, where the higher branches require intelligence for their exposition, showing great judgment.

The Book of the Heart, &c., by the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. of Newchurch. 12mo. pp. 391. (Oxford, Talboys; London, Hatchards.)—A work of great piety, and addressed to the common sense of Christian readers. To the well-disposed and serious few volumes could possess more attraction; for it is written in a pure spirit, and is full of consolatory reflections.

Elements of Truth, by James Rondeau. 24mo. pp. 107. (London, Houghton.)—Though a small book this is a strong affair, grappling with the most momentous questions in theology, and some of the most disputed tenets of faith and belief. We must leave it to speak for itself.

Twenty Sermons, by the late Rev. W. Howells, Minister of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel. 12mo. pp. 440. (London, Shaw.)—Of these earnest and affectionate discourses, the last two are addressed to the young, upon whom they are eminently calculated to produce the best effects; but the whole are distinguished by good principles and a genuine sincerity of purpose.

Dublin University Calendar for 1835. (Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.; Milliken; Hodges and Smith; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A useful guide; and the details of the course of education in the University particularly replete with information.

The German Tutor, &c., by L. P. R. F. de Porquet. Pp. 200. (Porquet and Cooper.)—A good guide to the art of translating English into German; with a copious vocabulary of all the words used, and their equivalents.

A Short Account of Veterinary Surgery. Pp. 24.—*A Guide to Purchasing Horses.* Pp. 63. (Glasgow, Rutherford and Co.)—Whoever does not yet know by reading or experience how to buy and how to treat a horse, will find useful instruction in these small *tracés*. It is, however, easier to obtain sound and good animals in Scotland than in London, where, perhaps, it is the most difficult thing possible to get what you want, at any price, and to avoid being imposed upon.

The Mother's Catechism of Useful Knowledge. Pp. 150. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.)—Nothing can be better than this little instructive work, as far as it goes; which is to the length of explaining, and admirably for the young, the nature of some hundred and fifty articles which we daily see and use, without taking the trouble to inquire whence they come or what they are;—besides a few good definitions of common scientific phrases and more intellectual objects of interest. No young person could read this catechism without much improvement, and being informed, for example, about the metals, minerals, vegetables, manufactures, professions, &c. &c. &c. which they are continually seeing, handling, and living upon, without knowing what they are.

A Treatise on the Conjugation of French Verbs, &c., by M. C. V. Martin, Professor of the French Language, Birmingham. 4vo. pp. 215. (London, Hamilton and Co.; Longman and Co.; and Kidderminster, Brough.)—Amid the multitude of works for the acquisition of the French language, we have found this (on *sortes*) to be sterling and efficient. It is particularly ample and well done in respect to the use of the imperfect and preterite tenses—and a good selection of idiomatic sentences concludes it with credit.

Bibliothèque's Guide to Spanish and English Conversation. Pp. 172. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A clever guide, and one much wanted in a language whose elementary works are only too rare in England, where we have such endless multitudes in French, German, Italian, and other tongues. It is altogether well done, and deserving of favour.

The French Reader's Guide, by M. de la Clavière. 12mo. pp. 200. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—We can also, with great justice, recommend this work. The selections are an interesting miscellany, and all the instructive portions highly useful.

The Elements of Algebra; translated from the French of M. Lacroix, by W. L. Fisher. 12mo. pp. 343. (London, 1835, Souter; Paris, Bachelier.)—M. Lacroix's work is too well known both in France and England to require our eulogy. It possesses, for an elementary treatise, all the elements of excellence, simplicity, clearness, precision, and thorough knowledge. If we add that Mr. Spiller appears to have translated it faithfully, we have fairly discharged our critical duty.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—The commencement of a paper on the classification of vegetables, by the Rev. Patrick Keith, was read. Mr. Yarrell presented the first part of his History of British Fishes. It contains the species belonging to the family of *Percidae*, or the perch tribe. The engravings are remarkably beautiful. Of this unique work we may be allowed to repeat the author's statement, that so great has been the success in obtaining species either entirely new, or new to

our coast; and so extensive are the resources available, that the work will contain a greater number of species by one-fourth than has yet appeared in any British catalogue.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

COL. SYKES in the chair.—Numerous fellows were elected. The balance in favour of the Society at the 1st of March was nearly 9000. The visitors to the garden and museum during February, were few in comparison with those of the fine months of the year. No new site for a museum having yet been found by the Committee appointed, the Council judged it advisable to secure, for a limited period, the house at present occupied by the Society under Lord Segrave, the holding of which will expire on the 25th of the present month; a negotiation was accordingly entered into with his lordship, and the present house was again let to the Society for two years and a half from Lady-day. At one of the recent scientific meetings a specimen was exhibited of a species of *mon acanthus*, Cuv. remarkable for having on each side of the body, about midway, the pectoral and caudal fins, a bundle of long and strong spines directed backwards. The species was figured in Willughby's "Historia Piscium," and a description of it by Lister is contained in the Appendix to that work; but it appears not to have been noticed by subsequent observers, and to have been altogether overlooked or rejected by systematic writers. Lister's specimen of the fish was preserved in the collection of William Courten, the founder of the museum, which became subsequently the property of Sir Hans Sloane, and eventually formed the basis of the British Museum. That exhibited belongs to the museum of the army medical department at Chatham. It is an inhabitant of the Indian Ocean, frequenting the shores and coral reefs; it is also stated to be found abundantly on the western coast of Australia, where it is known to the settlers by the name of "Leather Jacket"—a denomination which is probably applied to it in common with other species of *Balistide*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Monday the Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair.—A numerous list of works presented to the Society was announced, and thanks ordered to be given to the various donors for the same. Amongst them was the valuable work of M. Pictet upon the Phrygania, the Synonymia Insectorum of M. Schouherr, and other interesting productions, presented by the respective authors. The secretary exhibited specimens of the larva of a staphylinideous insect, which causes much injury to turnips by gnawing the roots. Also specimens of a lepidopterous larva, injurious in plantations. The following memoirs were read, which subsequently gave rise to considerable discussion.—1. "Remarks on some mechanical peculiarities noticed in a spider's web at Wandsworth, in Surrey," by W. W. Saunders, Esq. 2. "Description of a very fine new lepidopterous insect brought from New South Wales by Mr. Colles," by Mr. G. R. Gray. 3. "On the agency of insects in producing sterility in flowers by the removal of the masculine organs, observed amongst the asclepiads by M. Merrem, of Brussels," communicated by M. De Wael. 4. "Character of some new species of deopterous insects, chiefly from New South Wales," by Mr. Westwood. 5. "A description of the nerves of the superior wings of the hymenoptera, with a view to give a

fuller and more certain development to the alary system of jurine," by W. E. Shuckard, Esq. 6. "Observations upon the natural history of various species of West Indian insects," by W. Sells, Esq. Members were elected. Certificates in favour of others were ordered to be suspended in the meeting-room.

HUNTERIAN THEATRE OF ANATOMY, GREAT WINDMILL STREET.

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Smith delivered a lecture, introductory to a course of twelve, on "The science of anatomy, as applicable to the arts of design, and for the purposes of general information;" and if the remaining eleven are at all like the first, he ought not to be without as large an audience as that which filled the theatre on this occasion. The theatre, as it is well known, was built under the immediate auspices of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, whom, *en passant*, Mr. Smith highly complimented for those talents which have been so beneficial to mankind. After claiming indulgence for a subject new to him, Mr. S. proceeded most ably to trace the science from the earliest periods to the present time, referring to the Egyptian mummies, &c. &c. Altogether, it was one of the most instructive and delightful discourses we ever attended.

In Westminster, on the same evening, Mr. Rush, a young but evidently clever lecturer, also commenced a course on medical anatomy, at which about fifty persons attended. His address was modestly delivered, and traced the history of comparative anatomy to a very remote period. He then sketched the organisation of the lower classes of animals, and closed with a well turned appeal to his auditors.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Feb. 26th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. G. D. Kent, Fellow of Corpus.

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—E. Maddy, Brasenose, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. H. Dymock, Brasenose; C. L. Parker, Wadham; Rev. T. L. Allen, Worcester; Rev. A. R. Stert, Exeter; Rev. E. Blige, Fellow of Merton.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Wilson, New Inn Hall, Grand Compounder; S. Piddell, H. J. Cotton, Worcester; Rev. A. N. Buckeridge, St. John's.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR B. BRODIE in the chair.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex now intimated, through Mr. Children, that he is reluctantly obliged to abandon the usual *soirées* given by the president of the Royal Society, by advice of Dr. Maton: such is the state of his royal highness's infirmity. A paper by J. B. Thompson, Esq. on the metamorphosis of *Cirripedes*, a species of barnacles, was read. The habitat of this curious and enigmatical class of animals is the Atlantic Ocean; not contented with adhering to ships' bottoms, and pieces of floating timber, they frequently are found on the backs of turtles. The author notices the arrival of some vessels in Cork Harbour, the bottoms of which were covered with them; in a few days they hatched in prodigious numbers. We pass over the author's technical description of gestation, development, and mature appearance. These little creatures possess the power of locomotion, and the eye which guides this power, is remarkably conspicuous. A short paper on a new method of discovering polar equations, by a scholar of Oxford, was also read. The greater portion of it was a mathematical demonstration, of which no note could be taken.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HAMILTON in the chair.—Three letters were read from the volume of ancient correspondence and documents lately communicated by Mr. Hallam. The first was from Lord Bacon to James the First, in 1613, containing suggestions and advice on the management of a parliament, to prevent its being packed, and make it serviceable to the best interests of the kingdom. The other two letters were written in the reign of Henry VIII.: one from the Duke of Norfolk, and the other jointly from the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, relating to the levying a grant or loan, and some disturbances which had occurred in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and some other places.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.....	Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott's Lectures on Sculpture.
	Geographical, 9 P.M.
	Medical, 8 P.M.
	Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8½ P.M. Mr. J. Hemming on Chemistry.
TUESDAY.....	Zoological, 8½ P.M. Scientific Business.
	Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Evening Illustrations. On Limestone and Calcareous Cements, by the Secretary.
	Med. and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.
	Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
WEDNESDAY	Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
	Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
	Geological, 8½ P.M.
	Graphic, 8 P.M.
THURSDAY...	Literary Fund, 2 P.M. General Meeting for the Election of Officers.
	Royal Academy, 8 P.M. Mr. Howard's Lectures on Painting.
	Royal Society, 8½ P.M.
	Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
FRIDAY.....	Royal Soc. of Literature, 4 P.M.
	Western Literary and Scientific Institution, 8½ P.M.
	J. S. Buckingham, Esq. M.P. on the Route to India by the Euphrates (second lecture: the first being last Thursday).
	Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
SATURDAY.....	Astronomical, 8 P.M.
	Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Fourth and concluding Notice.]

No. 52. *The Lute Player*. W. Etty, R.A.—To this gay and richly-coloured group one thing seems, to us, to be wanting—a little more beauty in the principal female.

No. 344. *Cupid and Calypso*. John Wood.—Characterised by a tasteful display of beautiful forms, set forth, in correspondence with the subject, in the most brilliant and striking colours.

No. 513. *The Bridal Morn*. T. Clater.—Also appropriately costly and splendid, both in the principal figure and in the accessories. Mr. Clater has shewn his usual judgment and skill in the conception and execution of this representation of the most critical and interesting moment of woman's life.

No. 466. *Beagles in Pursuit*. T. Woodward.—As eager and animated as any sportsman could wish.

No. 480. *Pot Luck*. C. Hancock.—It is with

the human race as it is with the animal; and, if "all the world's a stage," the scene most frequently represented is a scramble, in which the dog burns his nose, and the man his fingers.

No. 476. *The Remains of the Palace of Philip le Bel, Paris*. James Holland.—An admirable example of the picturesque in architecture, brought into view by an effect of light and colour which imparts great interest to the subject.

To the mantel and the keeper's desk we look in general for a selection of cabinet and finished works,—nor are we often disappointed. In the present year, the former affords a very satisfactory display.—No. 252. *Falstaff*, &c. A. W. Callcott, R.A. is an admirable illustration of the fat knight's humour and character. Jocular

ity of look and jocularly of action were never more suitably or successfully united.—No. 257. *Horse Race at Rome*. G. Jones, R.A. The spirit of the animals, and the fine architectural scenery by which they are surrounded, give a high character to this gem-like performance, which we should be glad to see on a more extended scale.—The same may be said of

No. 246. *The Conversation*. R. T. Bone. The taste and talents of this artist should not be confined within so diminutive a compass.—No. 247. *Stock*. T. Sydney Cooper; greatly reminds us of Paul Potter.—No. 248. *Scene near Terracina*. Perry Williams; No. 245, *Grey Horse with Poultry*, T. Woodward;

No. 249. *Cottages near Tamerton*, W. Tingcombe; No. 250. *Girl and Donkeys*, T. Woodward, are all beautiful in their several ways. The keeper's desk has also its fair share of cabinet art. We are especially pleased with—

No. 289. *Infant Saviour sleeping on the Cross, enamel after Murillo*, and No. 293. *Prospero relating to Miranda the History of their early Life*, H. P. Bone. No. 290. *An Effect of Light*, A. Fraser; a truly brilliant example of this striking quality in art. No. 295. "Relieve the Fatherless, Plead for the Widow," A. W. Callcott, R.A.; No. 242. *The Little Brother, or the Dictated Prayer*, T. Uwins, A.R.A.; No. 263. *The Evening Prayer*, H. P. Parker. Three pictorial exhortations to piety; highly commendable as subjects, and no less so for the way in which they have been executed.

In the sculpture department there are some very attractive performances. Among the principal are—*A Girl and Fawn*, R. Westmacott, jun.; *Mazeppa*, and *Hercules and Dejanira*, G. Lough; the former powerful and spirited; the latter a fine contrast of strength and grace: we object, however, to the hair of the female, which, instead of assuming the flowing line of the figure, hangs like a bunch upon the head.—*An Infant Reposing*, G. M. Bool; *A Gleaner*,—Theakston, jun.; *A Female and Boy*, R. C. Lucas. A very graceful group.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

No. VII. *My Sketch-Book*. G. Cruikshank. London, Tilt.

A DELIGHTFUL No. The Juggernaut car, or palace of Gin, splendidly illuminated, with gaily-dressed females inviting to its orgies, and rolling along on four great puncheons by way of wheels, which crush thousands of its inflamed and infatuated votaries, is an awful lesson, though told with the pencil of caricature. The incendiary fires seen in the country distance, are in perfect keeping with the wreck of morals, happiness, and lives, in the prominent foreground. "Sketches for an Album," are laughably characteristic; and "Military Sketches" are full of comic humour. The fourth folio,

"Ugly Customers," is still more entertaining; the "Artist and his fair Sitter," and the "Novel Readers of the Monk," deliciously droll.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN.
(Fifth Series: continued.)

Count Egmont, a Tragedy.—Goethe.
Egmont.

EVENING has darken'd o'er the market-place:
'Tis shadowy and deserted. Those who pass
Go hurrying by, with pale and anxious looks,
That fear to meet each other. She is there,
The gentle maiden whom Count Egmont loves.
An hour has changed her more than many
years.

Her wild eyes wander round, and in their gaze
Flashes the lightning of despair that hopes—
Hope, agony's brief fever. Her white lip
Is eloquent, and passionate with fear—
Fear born of love, forgetful of itself.
Her cheek is flushed—'tis with the eagerness
Of the young warrior—but they heed her not.
A selfish fear has paralysed the crowd—
The future is not with them—and they seek
Precarious safety by its sacrifice.

Clara, Brackenber, and Citizens.
Brackenber.

Return, beloved one! Wherefore are you here?
Clara.

To free him, Brackenber. A little word
Will bid his fellow citizens awake
To strength and action. Strong in every heart,
Though secret is the wish to set him free.
What do we hazard but our useless lives,
That are not worth the keeping, if he perish.
Come, come, there only wants the gathering
voice!

Brackenber.

Unhappy one! you do not see the power
That fetters our desire with iron band.

Clara.

But not unconquerable. See, they come,
Men, tried and true, his fellow citizens.
Oh, friends, what now of Egmont?

1st Citizen.

Hush! child, hush!

Clara

I will speak softly, till our gathered strength
Finds in its union voice. Ah, no delay!
The tyranny that dared to fetter wears
A midnight dagger. As the evening shades
Darken around, my spirit darkens too.
I dread the night. But let us now disperse,
Each calling on his friends: let each one seek
His ancient sword. Here let our meeting be!
The market-place will hold our generous crowd:
Our stream will carry all before its tide.
The enemy will falter, and then yield.
They have but hired guards to meet our
might—

Soldiers against the people! they'll not stand.
Count Egmont, he will marshal our return.
Free, he will thank us for it—we, who owe
So vast a debt to him. Ah, he may see—
He will see morning redden the free sky!

2d Citizen.

What mean you, maiden?

Clara.

Hear ye not my words?
I speak of Egmont.

1st Citizen.

Name not his fatal name!

Clara.

Not name that name! his name! Why it
must come,
If but from common custom to the lip.

Where is it not inscribed? Why, I have read
Each letter of that name amid the stars.
Neighbours, dear friends, ye dream, ye dream:
awake!

Gaze not on me with sadly wondering eyes,
I only bid you to your actual wish.
My voice is but the voice of your own hearts.
Who will this wretched night lay down his head
Upon his restless bed, ere he has knelt
In earnest prayer to heaven for Egmont's sake.
Now, with God's blessing, ask it of yourselves.
Mine be your watch word—Egmont! freedom!
death!

3d Citizen.

The evil that would bring upon our heads!

Clara.

Stay yet a little while. Fly not the name
Your shouts so lately bore to yonder heaven.
But late he came from Ghent; then stood ye
all [rode.
Joyful, and lined the streets through which he
Then did the artisan fling down his work
That he might gaze; the sorrowful looked forth,
And gladdened while they looked, as if his face
Shed sunshine round. Ye held your children
up

That they might know the hero of your love.
'Tis our brave Egmont. Ye must look to him
For better days than those your fathers knew.
Let not your children ask, where is he now—
Our great deliverer? Where the better days
That built their hope on him? How will ye
say,

We did betray him, cowards that we were!

1st Citizen.

Let her not talk, it only adds to ill.

Brackenberry.

Pray you, dear Clara, let us now go home.

Clara.

Am I a child or mad? You think me such.
From this dark certainty I cannot come
Without a hope away. Ah! let me speak
And ye will hear. I see you are amazed,
As yet ye cannot find your better selves.
Look from the present danger to the past—
Summon ye next the future from that past—
Can you then live—live, will you, and Egmont
gone?

With his breath fails the breath of freedom too!
For you, what pressing dangers he has dared!
For you, he shed his life-blood in the war!
Now doth a jail confine that noble soul,
Where deeds of murder are familiar things.
Perhaps he thinks of you—and hopes. He asks
The help that he was only used to give.

3d Citizen.

Come, comrade, come, this is too dangerous
talk.

Clara.

Ah, I have not your arms, nor yet your
strength;

But I have what you want—a constant heart.
Would it could beat for all. Let my weak
breath

Kindle the dormant ashes. I will go,
Like a frail banner flung upon the wind,
Which lends a noble host to victory,
So shall my spirit lead—would ye but know
A gathered people have an awful power.

1st Citizen.

Nay, lead her hence.

Brackenberry.

Think, Clara, where you are.

Clara.

Beneath the glorious heaven which grew more
fair

When he, the glorious one, walked free below.
Mark yonder windows, that now, closed and
dark,

Are like your own shut hearts. Have ye not
seen

Head above head there raised to gaze on him?
On your own thresholds have ye stood with
shouts!

Ye! whom I loved, because ye honoured him.
Is he become a tyrant that ye shrink
From sharing in his fall? Ye loved him once.
Oh, these weak hands! could ye but grasp a
sword,

And ye fond arms! that have so often held
The hero prisoned in their soft restraint,
Can ye do nothing for him?

3d Citizen.

Yonder is Alba's guard: we must away.

Brackenberry.

Come, Clara, this is madness: let us go.

Clara.

And will you make no effort? you too stood
One of the many in the shouting crowd;
I, only, hid my face, or timidly
Glanced through th' half-opened casement,
though my heart
Beat higher than your own, and far more true.

Brackenberry.

Patience, sweet Clara, we are left alone.
Look round—these public streets you used to
tread

Only to church on the calm Sabbath morn;
Then was your veil drawn closely round, your
eyes

Sought but the ground, and if I spake you
blushed—

Though but the kindly greeting of a friend—
An old familiar friend. What can have
changed

The downcast and the timid one?

Clara.

Despair!

But let us home; home—where is now my
home?

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

INDIAN QUAKERS, OR SADS.

"THE people of this sect, chiefly traders (though some are zemindars, cultivators, and artisans), seem to be thinly scattered over the British provinces; and they meet annually during the *Hooly* at such places as their leaders choose to select. On the present occasion, about three thousand persons of both sexes and various ages assembled at Delhi. Their head-quarters, distinguished by a double-poled tent, were in one of the serais of Trevelyanpore, where the *Sads* observed the ceremonials of their religion, at sunrise and sunset, for several days.

"The whole congregation at these hours, forming a sort of circle, repeated a form of prayer, and chanted a hymn in the open air. The sacred book of their faith (called simply *Pothee*) they informed me, was read and expounded in the tent by an individual elected for life, or during good behaviour, whom they would not designate *Guroo*, *Pundit*, or *Padree*, so that I conclude he is accounted a layman.

"From this person I learned the following particulars respecting the tenets of the *Sads*, which he said were enjoined in their scriptures.

"The *Sads* worship only one God, the Creator of all things, and disown every kind of idolatry. They maintain the equality of men, make obeisance to none, and recognise no distinction of caste or rank, though they profess homage to virtue, and shew contempt for vice, in their conduct towards others. They are not permitted to serve as soldiers, nor to use arms for offensive purposes; but it is allowable for them to fight in self-defence.

"The dress of the men must be entirely white, and ornaments of gold and silver are thought indecent in males; but the women, it would appear, are permitted to wear some jewels, and coloured clothes. Both sexes are strictly forbidden to eat any thing that has lived, to get intoxicated, or to smoke tobacco. *Sads* cannot take an oath; and in the courts at Mirzapore, where they are numerous, their simple affirmation, I was told, is held equivalent. Every one of this creed must earn a livelihood by honest means. If reduced to poverty through infirmity or inevitable misfortune, he is supported by his brethren in faith, who expel him, however, if his destitution arise from indolence or misconduct.

"A *Sad* can have but one wife, and she only one husband. Adultery or concubinage in either of them is severely punished. In regard to a future state, they believe the righteous to enjoy happiness in the presence of the Almighty, and the souls of the wicked to transmigrate into brutes. They seem to have no conception of any other hell than this earthly degradation.

"The *Sads* own themselves Hindus in blood, but eagerly disclaim the polytheism and superstition of their countrymen. They define an avatar to be an inspired man commissioned by the Deity, though no incarnation of the Godhead; and from such a person they pretend to derive their sacred book.

"They are theists, apparently of the Vedanti school; whence Nanc, the patriarch of the Seiks, as distinguished from Singhs, or followers of the Gurm Govind, probably derived the peaceful tenets of a faith by far too refined to endure among barbarians.

"Is not much in the creed of these sects, as well as that of Ram Mohun Roy, stolen, in Sanscrit fashion, through Arabic or some other channel, from the Greek of the Epicurean philosophers?

"When informed of the peculiarities of a religious order in England who call themselves *Friends*, the *Sads*, having heard something of them before, proposed now to hold a special meeting to prepare an address to a sect which so much resembled their own; and, to promote their intercourse, I have engaged to forward their communication to Joseph Pease, M.P. for Durham."—*Delhi Gazette*.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

WE have this week the agreeable task of yielding to the fourth concert the warmest, the most unqualified praise. The selection was, to our minds, the very model of a concert programme, including choice productions for the *connoisseur*, and abundance of attraction for the general hearer. There was not one dull piece throughout the evening; many were exquisitely beautiful; all were at least pleasing. Yet there was less of mere novelty on Monday night than there has been during the present season; a circumstance which helps to confirm a favourite opinion of ours, that sufficient variety for all the purposes of musical performances may be obtained without having constant recourse to new compositions. The musical public generally derive full as much gratification from the revival of good old productions, as they do from the works of living composers. The only thing which we could have wished to see altered on Monday evening, was the position of Stevenson's festive glee, "Give me the harp of Epic song," which, pretty and sparkling as it undoubtedly is, came in after the exalted music of the "Passions," with an

abruptness that called for a more rapid transition of feeling from "grave to gay," than we felt, at the moment, either able or willing to command. The words of this glee, from Moore's *Anacreon*, have all the vigour and freshness of original poetry, instead of appearing like a translation, and are quite sufficient to inspire any composer who has the least feeling for "immortal verse." Madame Stockhausen made her first appearance at these concerts on Monday night. If any rule exists in the Vocal Society against the admission of foreign vocalists, Madame Stockhausen's pure and classical style may well entitle her to claim an exception in her favour. The manuscript song by Jackson, was well adapted to display her peculiar excellences, and was quite new to us, as we imagine it was to most of the audience. In this song, and in Stevens' cheerful little glee, from "Oberon in Fairy-land," Madame Stockhausen exhibited a complete familiarity with our language; and her articulation was so clear as, we grieve to say, might cause many a native singer to blush at the comparison. Miss Lacy, in Mozart's "Dove sono," more than confirmed the favourable impression she had made on her *début*. Her natural powers have received the highest degree of cultivation, and that too of the very best kind. Her extreme purity of tone in a great degree compensates for the thin quality of her voice, which, as we have elsewhere remarked, will no doubt increase in fulness as she grows older. We cannot think it possible for Brahm ever to have sung "Mad Tom" more finely than he did on Monday night; he completely carried the audience away with him. The older and the better known the song, the greater the glory of the singer in creating an interest as fresh and as intense as if it were then heard for the first time. Croft's fine anthem, "God is gone up," the glees, madrigals, and indeed all the concerted pieces, were most admirably executed. Webbe's charming glee, "When winds breathe soft," was sung with a delicacy that enraptured the audience, and half inclined them to *encore* it, in spite of its length. In the madrigal, "Cynthia thy song and chaunting," there was the most perfect specimen of *tutti pianissima* that we ever heard with so large a body of voices. Corelli's trio, by Messrs. Lindley, Bonner, and Howell, was *encored* with enthusiasm. Mr. Howell's performance on the double bass is such as to incline us to suppose him a disciple, and no unworthy one, of the great Dragonetti. Each succeeding night brings an accession of numbers to the audience. Q.

DRAMA.

ADELPHI.

WE begin to think either that Mr. Yates or we should be ashamed of ourselves. For we find that we are always be-praising the Adelphi. Here is another and a successful novelty, *Robert Macaire*; or, *the Gentleman at Large*—a tale of two confounded thieves (Yates and Buckstone), who go through the phases of a gallows life, till they come to a drop—different from what was to be apprehended through the whole of their career—viz. the drop of the curtain, and amidst unanimous applause. Into the details of their travel and escapes we would no more enter than into counting the stripes bestowed by a cat-of-nine-tails; towards the ends of which they so frequently approximate. Suffice it to say, that Yates is, indeed, a host in this piece, which he plays with immense spirit, talent, and versatility. Nor is his auxiliary,

Buckstone, far behind; and the rest is ably sustained, so that the thieves have a complete triumph over nightly crowded and unsuspecting audiences. Reeve and Wilkinson have also humorous characters; and the one is as rich as the other is dry in drollery.

VICTORIA.

ON Monday *Lestocq* was bravely produced here as a grand melo-dramatic spectacle; H. Wallack personating the *Physician* very ably, and M^r Ian the *Postmaster Stroloff*. The poor stranded actors have found a home again here; and, of course, the entertainments are much improved by the accession of their talents.

OLYMPIC.

THE *River God*, named in our last, is gaining in favour. Keeley is capital; Mrs. Griffiths clever; Miss Malcolm pretty; and the gods of the house are most propitious to the god of the stage.

FRENCH PLAYS.

ON Thursday the *Two Philiberts* gave us Lemaitre in the younger of that name, through which he went ably, though it does not afford much room for the display of his talents. Clairville, *maître de musique*, was well supported by M. E. Boucher; and M. Vizintini, as *Pastoureaux*, caused much amusement as *le vrai modèle d'un petit maître*. The conclusion piece, *Le Barbier du Roi d'Arragon*, the plot of which is a plot against the king, excited much applause, particularly the shaving scene between *le barbier* and *le roi* (well acted by Lemaitre and Vizintini), which kept the house in shouts of laughter. The two ladies announced in the papers, Mdle. Florval and Mdle. Hartford, did not appear; the why, or wherefore, was not stated. Those who did appear, sustained their parts very cleverly.

VARIETIES.

Astronomy.—We ought to be astrologers, as well as astronomers, to give an account of the commencement of Mr. Adams' usual popular course of Lent lectures on astronomy, at the King's Theatre, last night. Though too late for us in this number, we doubt not that Mr. A. sustained his well-earned reputation, and that young and old will receive delight and instruction from his annual course, which opened this season in a wider sphere.

Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution.—The opening of the new theatre of this valuable Institution took place on Wednesday with much *éclat*. Mr. Hemming was in the chair, and a favourable report of the prospects of the establishment was made; but the lion of the day was Lord Brougham, who delivered a long speech in praise of the diffusion of knowledge, and stated that he and another person had written lectures anonymously, which were delivered during the last twenty-five years in various parts of the country; and, it was insinuated, with considerable success.

Thames Tunnel.—At a recent meeting of the directors of this great under-taking, we heard with pleasure that the works had been resumed on the 5th of December; so that, as the funds are sufficient, its being brought to a happy conclusion may now be anticipated.

Caricature.—The modern incubation, i. e. the Duke of Wellington hatching the ministry, by I. H., and in the H. B. style, is an amusing touch at the times, but the likenesses are not striking.

Lord Brougham's Travels on the Continent.—

We are indebted to a Parisian correspondent for the following epitome of the noble and learned lord's late tour; which he assures us is the cream and almost sum total of his foreign observation. "Lord B. (he writes) told a gentleman on his departure from Paris, that he had dined in every sort of *restaurant*, had mixed in all sorts of society, and had journeyed in all kinds of vehicles, and that he had observed every where three remarkable things,—*une peur terrible de la guerre; une peur terrible d'une révolution; and un souverain mépris pour le gouvernement.*" It is added that the king and the ministers were rather shy or remiss in their attentions to our distinguished countryman.

M. Klaproth.—This celebrated person and learned author, it seems, takes great interest in our Expedition to the Euphrates; the object of which he thinks quite practicable. His opinion is of the more value on this subject as he has himself visited Babylon, and is acquainted with the country.

Mrs. Somerville and Miss Caroline Herschel have been elected members of the Astronomical Society.—*Daily Papers.*

Mr. Sinclair.—After an absence of several years from his native land, the land of song, Mr. Sinclair, we observe from the Edinburgh journals, has re-appeared with great *éclat* in the theatre there. His *Masaniello* is spoken of in the highest terms; and the amateurs have discovered that his charming organ has been improved rather than deteriorated by crossing the wide Atlantic.

English Bull.—Our contemporary, the *Mirror*, last Saturday had a good bull, in describing Fountain's Abbey, respecting which the writer says: "On the south side stand seven yew-trees, all growing except the largest, which was blown down many years ago."

"Tickled with a Straw."—Among the constant newspaper advertisements of droll import is one of a tradesman, who styles himself "Manufacturer of English and Foreign *straws* to the Courts of Great Britain and France," &c. Another states, that he alters *Flats* to suit them to the present times.

The new exhibition at the Louvre opened yesterday (Sunday). Paris is one scene of gaiety now; the Boulevards are crowded with sight-seers and the curious of all ages and nations. The *Bœuf Gras*, that relique of Egyptian and Roman antiquity, has made the promenade *de rigueur* to the Tuileries instead of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.—*Private Letter, Paris, March 2.*

A new opera by Scribe, called *La Juive*, has just been brought out at Paris. Scene, the city of Constance, during the time of the famous council. It is represented as far exceeding in splendour any thing that has before appeared on the Parisian stage. The magnificence of the middle ages is now to be realised in the richness, variety, and accuracy of costume.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Turkey.—Mr. Auldjo, F.G.S.; announces the Journal of a Visit to Constantinople during the Summer of 1833, with illustrations by George Cruikshank.

* This ancient ceremony may possibly be traced whither our correspondent points; but the modern *Bœuf Gras* cannot date earlier than the Romish Church, as it is simply the indication of the end of the carnival, when the eating of flesh is to cease, and the fasting of Lent commence. In Ireland (as if they had no bulls there) a similar intimation was given, called "Whipping the Herring." This, to shew that fish-eating was to begin, consisted of tying a herring to a pole, and following it through the streets with shouts, &c. just like the *Bœuf Gras*.—Ed. L. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
connected with Literature and the Arts

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sermons by the late Rev. Thomas Marshall, A.M. with
 Memoir. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. The Oxford University
 Calendar for 1835, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Illustrations of British
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 80. *Universal Grammar: Illustrations, with Observations on the Construction of the English Language*, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Brady's *Epistolography*, 12mo. 3s. cloth.—*The British Wine-Maker and Domestic Brewer*, by W. Roberts, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—*The Crown Glass Cutter and Glass Worker*, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—*The Art of the Painter*.
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To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, In your *Gazette* of the 14th of February, you advise the artists and connoisseurs of the fine arts to use the present moment of tranquillity for the execution of works of art in the British Gallery before the period of political excitement arrives. This advice is most laudable and liberal in you, but the time alluded to will be passed before you receive this. However, I cannot refrain from applauding your solicitude for the fine arts, for, although it may be expected to stimulate patriotism, philanthropy, and the other virtues of virtuous citizenship, it is not forgotten, that immense political advantage may be gained in this country, as has been the case in other lands during former ages, by exciting the public to noble actions from the graphic representations of those acts of heroism or benevolence by which their ancestors have been rewarded. A double advantage may be gained by this; for while the public mind is thus excited, it may contribute to the public glory, by advancing art in the country, and in affording to the art subjects worthy of its name, its study, and its power, instead of comparatively wasting it on subjects that require little more than manual skill, united with moderate intellectual endowments or acquirements. This appears the only mode of recruiting support and ability from the public, and of preventing it all to fall into from the neglect and depreciation of all the higher qualities evinced in painting or sculpture. I do not mean to disparage the humbler walks of art, or to undervalue familiar subjects, but I wish to see every particle of great talent devoted to the promotion of religion, morality, and moral feelings; and when the public mind is imbued with these feelings, the artist will be able, if it will not easily be allured into an admiration and exclusive patronage of that which is little else but successful imitation; it will also save from penury a number of artists, or rather of aspirants for that distinction, by assuring them that nothing short of pre-eminence in subject, and, in addition, effect, or colour, will be tolerated by the public; and those who are deficient in ability or industry will be taught—

"Ludore qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis."
Yours, &c.—M. M.

ERRATA.—In our notice of the new edition of Rogers' poems, page 134, col. 3, line 15, the "Pleasures of *Hope*" were misprinted for the "Pleasures of *Memory*"—two very different things!—P. 138, col. 2, line 6, for "Artist" read "Artist."

GOLD and SILVER COINS.
CURIOSITIES, &c.—By Messrs. SOUTHWATE and
SON, at their Rooms, No. 22 Fleet Street, this Day (Saturday)
March 7th, at Half-past 12 o'Clock precisely, the Coins and
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Esq. City Solicitor, by order of his Executors; together with an
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preservation, from the Cabinets of a Collector; also, a few Cu-
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On Monday, March 9th, and Six following Days, the valuable
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Library of John Bowden, Esq. Dublin, deceased; and
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On Tuesday, March 17th, and Two following days a Second Session of the Library Drawings, &c. of J. Britton, Esq., F.R.S. Topography, Antiquities, the Fine Arts, &c.; Including, in folio, though a Sepulchral Monuments, 2 vols.; Stuart's Athens, 4 vols.; Stuart's Rome, 6 vols.; Stuart's Ravenna, 2 vols.; Hübner and Brayer's Lambeth Palace, 2 vols.; Hübner's Drawings and Portraits; Ducarel's Anglo Norman Antiquities Illustrated with Plates and Drawings (the author's own copy); Bruce's History of the Temple of Solomon, 2 vols.; The House of Sir J. Soane, India Proof, largest paper; Dugdale's Baronage, 2 vols. rusia; Dugdale's Warwickshire, 1785; Dugdale's History of London, 2 vols.; Views of Longford House, very rare; the Works of Desgodetz, Pironet, Richardson, Pocock, Taylor, &c.; Camden's Britannia, 2 vols.; Camden's History of London; Stinson's Somerset, 2 vols.; Brand's Popular Antiquities, 3 vols.; Willis's Cathedrals, 3 vols.; Holmstedt's Chronicles, 6 vols.; Johnson's Scottish Dictionary, 2 vols.; Rutter's Fonthill Abbey, 2 vols.; Strutt's Menageries, 2 vols.; Strutt's Manners and Customs; Strutt's Chronicle, 2 vols.; Nesle and Brayley's Westminster Abbey, 2 vols. large paper; Leland's Itinerary, 2 vols.; Leland's Collectanea, 2 vols.; Leland's Itinerary, 9 vols.; Woolnough's Ancient Castles, 6 vols.; Memorabilia of Literary History, 6 vols. &c.; and Collection of Drawings by Turner, Girtin, Hearne, Davis, Cotman, Catter-

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